



THE WESLEYAN

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The Westward

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The New Nothing



*"Give us depth," the public cried,
"for it is depth we need
Give us Thought, Great Intellect,
refute our every creed.*

*"Pagans not exactly,
just Great Liberals we,
Objective Inquest making
Of every witchery.*

*"We see the thing, just like God,
from every point and view;
Commital is a deadly sin –
a thing we never do."*

Ruth Wilcox

flies. In Canada she began to be alive again.

She bent down again, taking another diaper.

Thinking of the lakes of Canada brought her thoughts to the beach back in Georgia. They had gone there next, for a week. The sand was white, and they had built castles each day as they worked at a tan. At high tide, the wind had come off the water whirled in the dune grass and filled the porch with the smell of the oleanders and the sea. There were picnics, parties and gab sessions with the sailors on the beach. The sound of the surf against the piles of the pier reechoed in her mind.

The line was full. She picked up the hamper and moved to the other at the far end of the yard. A single rose was left on the vine that had entangled itself in the hedge. She would pick it, with the marigolds and asters, as she went back up to the apartment.

After the beach, she had come here, to Ohio. It was better that her sister have someone to help with the housekeeping before and after the baby. And her sister had been fun. They had gone shopping for baby things, announcements, and groceries; at nights they watched T.V. till the wee hours, the mornings they talked and kept house. She made friends there. At night they went to the drive-ins in groups, equipped with bags of popcorn and pop. Afterwards, they would talk till late in the restaurant out on the highway. Sometimes, on weekends, they went to the lake to swim and sun in the afternoon, to dance to the name bands at night.

She had come to love her brother-in-laws family, and spent many hours in the crowded happy house. Many more hours had passed as she knelt in the quiet church on the hill. She came to know and love the Sisters; from the priests she learned to find hope and peace. And now beneath the crust of her actions there was calm.

Now it was over, the long-short, horrible, wonderful summer was over.

The girl slipped the last pin over the last diaper, picked up the basket, and, as she started toward the steps, remembered the flowers. Taking the knife they always left under the second step, she gathered a bouquet of the flowers in the beds she had helped to plant. Last, she added the single white rose. She replaced the knife, and stood looking at the yard and the town, and the hill. Mount Pleasant. Photographing all, for tomorrow she would leave.

Leave the sister she had just begun to know, leave the friends that had been so much fun. Leave the town, the first small town she had ever known, leave the elm lined streets and old brick houses, the church, the park.

It has been a long summer, she thought. She had cried at the oddest times, and she had flirted outrageously. She had laughed, worked and prayed, Canada, the beach, cooking, diapers, prayers, friends, laughter, it had taken them all to get the bitterness and hurt out of her. They had made her alive, and tomorrow she would go home. She could go now, ready to rebuild some of the things she had destroyed.

She stooped quickly, picking up the basket, and lightly climbed the

stairs. At the door she stopped, looked enviously at the zinnias in the garden next door, then at her own bunch of gold and blue flowers. Shrugging, she entered the house.

It was a beautiful morning. The August sun blazed white on the drying diapers that tugged the clothes line with each breeze. The voices of children came across the alley, and people surveyed the town from the heights of the mound of Ohio dirt and rock known as Mount Pleasant. Almost unnoticed, the first hint of autumn coolness crept into the breeze.

All These

*All these are those whom I have loved
And from their huge loveliness
Have I drawn forth the sustenance
Of Being and being moved:*

*First, a black barred child, without name
A bastard Christ-like, scorned too
Or hid beneath more modern fame
That hides weakness only, naked fear.*

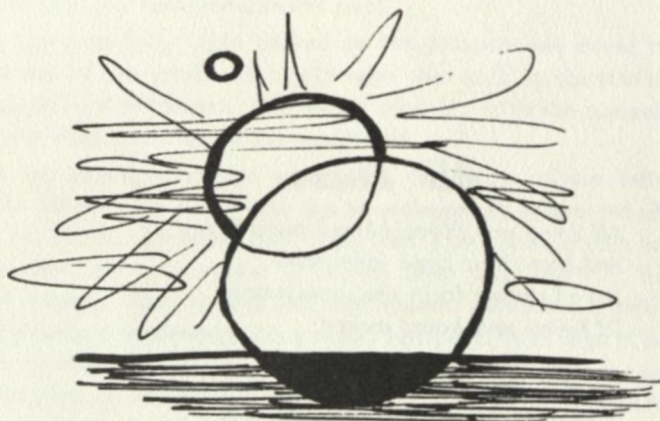
*Then, a boy, who questioned to know –
The book of black and gold
Fell small, life rose, titanic show
Of freer passion. Frenzy spiraled skyward
Screaming defiant, restriction muting unto death
And every yearning fleeing, flying
Dissipation. Then sighing into rest.*

*And always was the man who dared
Stand still and calmly tell
His fellow citizens to go to Hell.
God, incited, by men reviled –
Being ugly and pug-nosed.*

*So have I loved the Mormon Golden Gabriel
High, blessing his clean white city –
Wonder of a desert.
Do we hear his poignant gentle voice:
“I, too, am here and you may be wrong.”?*

Ruth Wilcox

Today



*Day is born
In a burst of breathtaking radiance;
In glory and greatness it stands on high
And gazes as the world,
Enveloped in noise and smoke,
Struggles for a greater today.*

*With drooping eyelids,
The weary day slides silently to rest,
And night stars wink
As the world, wrapped
In its blanket of moonlight,
Dreams of a better tomorrow.*

Lynn Cochran

The Poets' Poem



Gerund, gerund, gerund. . .

Abstract Thoughts go round and round—

swirling

twirling

whirling

confusing.

Detached Artists feel the urge — and splurge! ! !

inspiration. . .punctuation. . .rhymes, (at times). . .

verge now on aberration.

Passionate Cries from deep within the abyss of the id

must be vented and expressed. . .

not hid. . .stifled. . .repressed.

Unintelligibility in the form of vague emotion, heart —
rending memories, scents of long ago, lost loves, scenes in

nature, attitudes, platitudes, must at times be related
in long intervening bits of prose which are unrhymed (with

the exception of attitudes and platitudes [a short but
excusable backslide into classical form] [parenthetical
expressions are also necessary] [and also so long as to

create mass chaos, which (which referring to mass chaos)
I presume has been the effect of this little line of
poetic articulation.

well

then

there

now

my stream of consciousness moves me again to the longing for

space

sometimes

often

but then not always

without any punctuation

just words WORDS wOrDs (words is a funny funny word isn't

it yes yes yes once again now yes yes yes)

and now like alfred (capital letters are passe)

i must leave you

hanging

guessing

cursing

blessing — the simple mind.

E. Richardson

Nonentities

The raindrops are pounding on the window

And on the tin roof

And on the ground

And into a puddle soon to enlarge

To a pool of tears.

And the rain stops, but the pool

Does not end.

It becomes blue with the sky,

And grey with the rain,

And greenish-gold with the storm,

And purple and cerise with the sunset,

And with the indigo night it becomes

Unfathomable blackness.

But there is a bottom, and it is very near.

Jane Powers Kelley

THE BOARD FENCE

A MIRACLE WROUGHT WITH THE AID OF A BROKEN HAMMER AND A
BREADKNIFE

By ANNE KAY

"Centr-r-r-al Par-r-r-k," called the driver of the Madison Street bus. The passenger in the seat behind him roused with a start and pushed his way through the rush hour crowd to the door. Outside, he waited at the corner for the light to change, looking around him without seeming to see the familiar, shabby grey tenements that lined the sidewalk. Men and women were sitting on their doorsteps resting from the day's work, and children spilled over onto the sidewalk and into the street.

The man stood on the curb; he was dark and of slight build, with a receding hair-line and a deeply lined face. Pulling his hands out of his pockets, he dislodged a small pink slip of paper which fluttered to the sidewalk. Half bending to pick it up, he sighed and straightened instead. The words which it contained were indelibly printed on his mind — "Mr. Ricardo Gomez: Whitefield Glove Co. extends sincere appreciation for your services rendered to date, which are no longer needed. . . ."

The light changed, and Ricardo Gomez crossed the street and began walking through the park toward Jackson Blvd. and home. Garfield Park had played an important role in his life, he reflected, ever since the day he had reached Chicago — an immigrant boy fresh from Spain with a young wife only a little more frightened than he was. When he came to a certain bench he sat down, leaned back, and closed his eyes. In his mind's eye, a series of pictures flashed: himself and Carlotta walking there at night; Carlotta with the baby as she grew from a toddler into a little girl; and finally the girl Maria (Mary, she preferred to be called) walking there with her boyfriend. This last picture caused a troubled frown to cross his face; and getting up, he walked quickly toward the other side of the park.

He used to sing, coming home through the park, he remembered; but in the last few years when he lost successive jobs as singing waiter in Spanish restaurants and finally gone to work in the glove factory, he had seldom wished to sing. He whistled a few bars of a Spanish serenade, but it had such a mournful sound that he stopped abruptly.

He would have to start pretending again, he supposed, as soon as he entered the apartment — pretending as he had done ever since he had lost his job, that he was still employed. Going and coming at the regular hours had fooled Carlotta and Maria, he hoped. At first he had searched for a new job, but lately his resources had failed him, and he had started spending most of his time sitting on a park bench over on South Side. Only fear of discovery by Carlotta kept him away from his regular bench in Garfield Park.

Ricardo crossed Jackson Blvd. and walked to his apartment building,

pushing open the door into the hall and then climbing the narrow, dimly-lit stairs to the top floor. For five years, he thought bitterly, he had paid the rent promptly each week, and now – Ricardo sighed, and entered the apartment.

Mary Gomez rode the El as far as Kedzie, and then walked north toward Jackson, trying not to look as if her feet hurt. Seventeen and newly graduated from high school in the spring, she attracted the attention of the children playing along the sidewalk, and the young men loitering on the steps of tenements. She too had spent the day in fruitless job-hunting, but in her case this was not concealed from the family.

"There's not a single job in downtown Chicago," Mary said to herself now, after a month of submitting applications. "I'll have to start trying the small neighborhood stores and offices next, I suppose." She was equipped to be a stenographer, but there seemed to be nothing that Chicago needed less. At the few actual openings that she had found, they had turned her down for someone with experience. "Experience! And how can I get any if I never get a job?" she had stormed to Alfred last night – Alfred at least was secure in his job as a mechanic in a small garage on West Side.

Mary climbed the four flights of stairs some thirty minutes after her father. She hated climbing stairs, but was glad that they lived on the top floor. For one thing, there were fewer people's cabbage and sour milk to smell, the inevitable odor of tenements. Also, there was no one over them to make noise and keep them awake, and they had more light and air, since theirs was one of the tallest tenements in the neighborhood.

"I'm home," she called as she entered the living room, speaking in Spanish, because her mother, clinging to old country ways, kept herself secluded in the home, seldom going out even with her husband, and had never learned any English at all.

Her mother came in from the kitchen and her father laid down his Spanish newspaper. "Any luck? Did you get a job?" they asked at the same time.

Mary shook her head; her father went silently back to his paper, and her mother returned to the kitchen. Mary went into her room to take off her nice dress and shoes. She came back into the living room wearing pink shorts and a T-shirt, to the silent disapproval of both her parents. Switching on the radio, she flopped down on the couch and propped up her feet.

"You going out with Alfredo tonight?" her mother called from the kitchen.

"Alfred," Mary corrected. "Yes."

"Where are you going?" her father wanted to know next.

"Oh, for a walk, I guess," Mary said with affected casualness. This was the usual nightly conversation.

"You shouldn't be out all night every night walking around that park with Alfredo," her father began. "You're a nice girl, but –"

"Well, Daddy, if we had enough money to go somewhere else we would. Anytime you want to give us money for a movie, we'll be only too glad to go."

This always ended the argument.

"Come to dinner," her mother said, and after that not a word was spoken in the apartment.

Alfred arrived soon after they finished eating. Mary saw with relief that he had on only jeans and that she would not have to change. They had an agreement that if he wore jeans she could wear shorts, but if he wore his sports pants, she had to put on a dress.

"I have a dollar, honey," Alfred said gleefully as soon as they were out on the street; "had you rather spend it for bus fare and go to the beach, or walk in the park and eat something later?"

"Walk in the park and eat," Mary answered without hesitation, remembering her dinner of potatoes and beans and boiled pork.

Music was blaring from a bar on the corner, and followed them as Alfred took her hand to cross the street.

Night had fallen inside the park. The noise of traffic was further away, making only a dull roar which could be kept in the back of the mind. Every now and then they passed another couple, walking along the paths or sitting close together on a bench. Alfred dropped her hand and put his arm around her, and she pressed close against his side. He slipped his hand under her shirt and held it next to her warm bare skin. "Let's get married," he said. He said this every night.

"O.K.," Mary answered, pretending to be serious, "when?"

"Right this minute as far as I'm concerned."

Mary laughed. "I'd take you up on that if we had a place to live."

"We could stay with your parents for a while," Alfred suggested.

"Not on your life — we'd be divorced in two weeks."

"Then how about mine?"

"In your two-bedroom flat, with your mother and father and grandmother and three sisters? No thanks."

He kissed her. "We can't go on like this forever," he said.

"I know," she answered. "But what can we do?"

"Well," he said, "I know of several things."

"For instance?"

"Get married and live with one of our families."

"No."

"Break up."

"No!" she cried, throwing her arms around him. "You didn't mean that, did you?"

"No." He held her close and kissed her again. His hands against her skin were so hot that they were burning her.

"What's the third choice?" she asked him.

"Have an affair," he answered.

"In the park?" she asked, laughing.

"Well, other people do."

"Kiss me again," she said.

Ricardo thought that he would die at the prospect of spending another evening with his already twice-read newspaper, not to mention his wife. There was never anything new to talk about — work was always the same, home always the same, newspapers and the radio always the same. Moreover, there was an increasing number of subjects which husband, wife, and daughter avoided by mutual agreement. The three of them lived as strangers together, knowing less of each other than they did of the other families in the tenement.

The silence of the apartment was getting on his nerves. He threw down his paper, but the thump and rustling soon subsided and the quiet was worse than ever. The continual noise of traffic and pedestrians from the street, muted by the distance up, only made the silence more profound by comparison.

"Carlotta," he called, "I'm going down to Gonzales." The door slammed and his footsteps clattered down the bare wooden stairs.

Carlotta wandered into the living room and picked up her husband's newspaper, but it did not interest her. She walked over to the window and looked down at the seething life below, an eddy of city life whirling in a pattern of violence, and leaving her stranded. Carlotta sat down by the window, put her head on the sill, and began to cry.

Ricardo did not want to go to the Gonzales. He could not stand the thought of Joe Gonzales with his proud talk about his good job with retirement coming up, his wife's job, and his mother who kept house and took care of the younger children.

He walked aimlessly for many blocks down Jackson, mingling with the crowd without really being a part of it. A drunk was leaning against a lamp-post outside a bar, shouting "It's vacation time!" but no one paid him any attention.

As Ricardo paused at an intersection, the old man who had sold hot dogs and tamalies in the neighborhood ever since he had been there pulled his cart up beside him in the street. The light changed, and they had both started across, when Ricardo saw a truck hurtling toward him. He jumped back on the curb, shouting, but the truck hit the old man and demolished the wagon.

A noisy crowd gathered, and out of nowhere a policeman appeared and scattered it. Although horrified by what he saw, Ricardo lingered on the sidewalk, watching. The man was dead. Children were scrambling in the gutter for the spilled hot dogs and tamalies. Ricardo examined the debris. "Hmm. Pretty well torn up. Whoever takes over will have to build a new wagon." The words, although unspoken, seemed to linger in the air — "Whoever takes over, WHOEVER TAKES OVER!"

Suddenly excited he started walking again. "I could build the wagon," he mused. "But where would I get the materials, much less the tools?" he questioned, and became dejected again.

Then suddenly, he almost literally stumbled upon the answer. He was walking along in front of Marillac House, where they were tearing down an old board fence and putting up a wire one. The boards were piled near the sidewalk.

Ricardo hesitated, then on impulse walked in and asked the volunteer worker sitting at the desk if he could speak to Sister Mary Rose. Sister Mary Rose had taught the Americanization class twenty years ago where he had learned to speak English, and she had remained a firm friend of the Gomez family ever since.

After about five minutes she rustled into the room, a tall figure in her stiffly starched white habit, her wooden rosary swinging at her side. Sister Mary Rose was the only nun he had ever seen who was really forceful in appearance. Her blue eyes could be either stern, serious, or twinkling as the occasion demanded. Ricardo always thought of her hair as being white, although of course it never showed; but the head-piece of her habit stood out in two stiff white wings on either side of her face.

"Ricardo Gomez!" Sister Mary Rose exclaimed joyfully now, as if he were the very person she had been waiting to see. "I haven't seen you around in ages. How are you? And your wife and Mary? I haven't seen Mary here lately either."

"Mary, she look for job since she graduate from school," he answered in his broken English. "Carlotta, she es fine. Me, I am outta job, Sister Mary Rose. I have idea, an' I come see you for it."

"Come back in the office," Sister Mary Rose said, leading the way. Entering a small plain room, she turned on the overhead light and sat down beside a small table. "Sit down, Ricardo."

Quickly he outlined the situation and explained his idea to her; she nodded her head at intervals. "You can have the wood, Ricardo, I am sure," she said when he had finished, "but have you thought about buying the license?"

His face fell. "No," he said, "I had not remembered the license. I have no money for license. Es no use." He raised his hands and let them fall, open, into his lap.

"Well, I didn't mean to discourage you," Sister Mary Rose said, her blue eyes twinkling. "Marillac House will probably buy it for you, and you can pay us back when you have the money."

He thanked Sister Mary Rose profusely in a mixture of English and Spanish, and said good-by. Then he almost ran all ten blocks of the way home.

"Carlotta," he called as he dashed up the stairs and burst into the apartment, "Carlotta, where are you?"

"Here," she answered; and he went into the living room and found her sitting by the window with a peculiar expression on her face. He went over and kissed her gently on the cheek, a thing he had not done in months.

"Carlotta, let me tell you; I got good news. I am out of work."

When Mary and Alfred opened the front door, long after midnight, expecting to find an angry and upset mother and father waiting for them, they heard instead cheerful voices coming from the kitchen, and even a peal of laughter. Laughter in their house! Mary found it hard to believe.

"Come in, children," Carlotta called, hearing the door open. "Maria and Alfredo, your father has good news for you. He is out of work!"

Ricardo had a busy time of it the next day. It took him all morning to bring enough armloads of wood from Marillac House to his apartment. Most of the afternoon he spent trying to assemble enough tools from the neighborhood supply. He was astonished at the interest shown by people he had never bothered to get to know. Unfortunately, most of them had only interest to offer, but Pete Demetrius, who lived downstairs, offered him a broken hammer, provided he would not "bang around after midnight." Joe Gonzales gave him a pile of partly used sandpaper. A saw, it seemed, was not to be found, but the pieces of wood were more or less uniform in length, and Carlotta donated him her bread knife to do any necessary whittling.

There was no time for sitting on park benches that day. In fact, it was only after Mary had come home from another fruitless day of jobhunting and they had had dinner, a little less silently than usual, that Ricardo could settle down to work in the kitchen.

When Alfred came over, they discussed the largest problem of the moment — wheels. Ricardo said that he could cut some out of a piece of wood, but he was afraid that at the best he could do, they would not be even, and that the jerky gait of his wagon might repel customers.

Alfred came to the rescue with the plan of using wheels off an old flexi that he had had when he was a little boy. It was up in the attic now, he explained, and the girls never used it. He left, and in a little while came back with the four wheels.

When Mary and Alfred went out that night, Ricardo was beginning the job of assembling the wagon, and Carlotta was sitting by the kitchen table, drinking coffee.

The days now had a new pattern. Ricardo divided his time between working on the wagon and searching the neighborhood for materials. Day after day he worked on the details — fitting the doors with makeshift hinges, and making wooden bolts to hold them closed, setting the pans for the hot dogs and tamalies where they would go under their glass cover (someone's discarded window), arranging the box for the charcoal fire, and finally fitting the wheels on.

Mary and Alfred continued to spend most of their time in the park, but between times they stepped into the kitchen to offer advice and watch Ricardo work. And it was Carlotta who came up with the idea that Ricardo could sing his old Spanish songs to attract customers, as he pushed the wagon.

The day that Ricardo put on the last coat of white paint, Mary came home from town with a small package, which proved to be a can of red paint. "I thought that I could paint some letters on the side for you," she explained diffidently.

When Alfred came, she was hard at work, and they waited until she had finished before going out. After they had gone, Ricardo stayed in the kitchen and admired his finished creation, finding it good indeed.

The next day, as Mary stepped off the bus at the corner of Jackson and Central Park, she heard in the distance the sound of a voice singing, singing a Spanish song.

She could not run fast enough in her high-heeled shoes; and taking them off, she ran barefooted, down the street to meet her father.

"Mister, may I buy a hot tamalie?" she asked.

"Lady," answered Ricardo, "since you are so beautiful, I will give you the first one free. But after this you must pay me your dime, because, you see, I have a family to support."

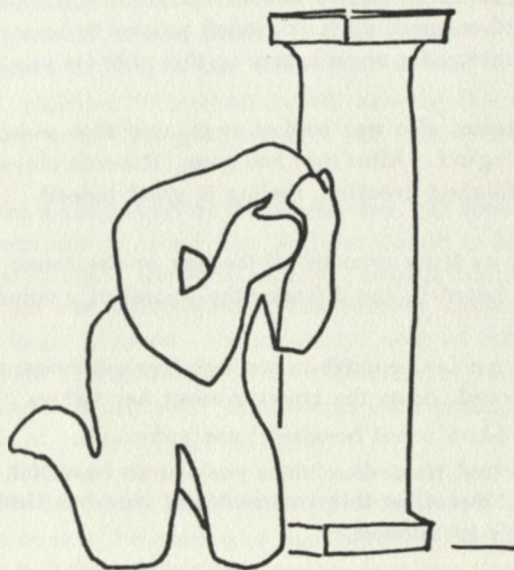
Ancient Honors

*Must we disinter the fame of past
To satiate our unwilling fast?
To end our famine of gaiety
Must we act with mock propriety?*

*The proper thing often is
That denied as being His.
Occasionally turn to the occasions of now,
Seek present lessons for a future how.*

Ruth Wilcox

Apology



*Forgive, is begged, a foolish turn of mind.
Forgive, is begged, an eye that cannot see.
A bond, is hoped to live
And so, is begged, forgive.*

*Because is watched a hero, rise above,
As all, is hoped, good heroes must conform
To codes, is writ, of God
And not, is mourned, of sod.*

Ruth Wilcox

Disconnected Passions

*Volumes overflow with man's thoughts.
The undiscerning mind
Tends to reject or absorb it ALL
Without sifting away the
Pebbles from the solid rocks.*

*Thus is this confusion
The mind becomes perverted . . . unable to distinguish
between
Right and Wrong.*

*The state resembles chaos
In which all particles
of knowledge
Float aimlessly
in despair.*

*In this chaos of loneliness
The soul has plunged to the depths
And the heart pleads for mercy
And the mind clings to questions
For which there's no answer.*

*Suddenly a new force pervades!
A force of steady light
Which plays a brilliant beam
Upon disconnected passions.*

*Pieces fall together
Into the intended pattern
And form replaces chaos.*

*Questions remain unanswered
But life takes on new meaning.
With powers of Trust and Faith,
With Love, comes comprehension.*

*At last the bonds are broken
And the mind and soul can stand
United . . . in prayer.*

Katherine Rogers

The Books of Candler



*I saw the books of Candler
As I was passing through,
The dusty books of Candler
Of many and varied hue.
My heart was with the Candler slaves
Who went their work to do.*

*The time goes slow in Candler
That outside would be gay,
The forbidding books look down
On those who wish for play.
But when the teacher sounded – Test!
They threw their wish away.*

*They forced the rebel mind,
 The yearning for the sun,
 To yield at once to study;
 And studied every one.
 They gave their merry youth away:
 For study gave they fun.*

*God bless you eager students
 Who put your wishes down,
 Who traded laughter and the sun
 To wear the cap and gown.
 God give you happy lives for this
 And ease your studied frown.*

Ruth Wilcox

Love in a Dove Field

*On a frosty, cold morn in the hunting season
 My love and I went hunting.
 A misty rain fell and started freezing
 But still we went on hunting.
 Saw not the mud —
 Missed not the blood
 Lost on a barbed wire fence.
 In love there's a sixth sense —
 A kind of a mixed sense
 Of pain and joy and getting and giving,
 And best of all it tells you you're living.*

*We hunted all day and killed not a dove.
 We were too happy for killing.
 When birds flew by, I laughed with my love,
 But we were too happy for killing.
 I cannot forget
 How cold noses met
 When we kissed and laughed and were warm.
 For love has a fine charm,
 A one-of-its-kind charm,
 That's as hard to catch as the Georgia snow,
 But we found it, my love and I, we know,
 The day we went out hunting.*

N. Castleberry

The Girl With The Cart



*Bowed by the weight of countless trays she leans
Upon her cart and gazes on the floor
The glare of unwiped blue plates in her face,
And on her back the burden of the dining room.
Who made her dead to campus joys and woes,
A THING that grieves not and never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, kin to the coke machine?
Whose was the hand that placed aloft this hairnet?
Who fastened her inside this gruesome apron?
Whose breath blew out the light within this brain:*

*Is this the THING fond parents sent to Wesleyan,
To have dominion over dorm and campus;
To search its hallowed halls for power and wisdom;
To feel the passion of Homecoming Banquets?
Is this the dream she dreamed who donned this apron,
To guide her cart to number one or ten?
Down any aisle unto its furthest end
There is no fate more terrible than this —
More tongued with censure of the senior's ways —
More filled with irksome duties for the waitress —
More packed with danger of being late to class.*

*What gulfs between her and the campus wheel!
 Slave of the wheel of labor, what to her
 Are campus frictions, save the glorious broom strike?
 What the long reaches of pep-rallies' peaks
 Beside the clamoring alarm before the dawn?
 At this dread shape ye luckier students look:
 Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop;
 Through this dread shape a Wesleyanne betrayed,
 Plundered, profaned, and disinherited,
 Cries protest to the Trustees of the college,
 A protest that is also prophecy.*

*O students, faculty, and others in this place,
 How will the future reckon with this waitress?
 How answer her brute question in that hour
 When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the dining room?
 How will it be with Garrott then, and Hurst —
 With those who shaped her to the THING she is —
 When this dumb TERROR shall rise to judge the school,
 After the silence of the centuries?*

—Anne Kay
 (with apologies to
 Edwin Markham's "Man
 with the Hoe")

Ignorance Is Bliss

*Wonder of prevailing modes in Nature's drama,
 Wonder of obscurest goods in Mankind's panorama,
 Melodic wonders of a reeded host and song,
 Wonder of a love so long.*

*Wonder of the rain that always falls —
 Still falling to the dust.
 Wonder of a plant that grows —
 Still reaching to the sky.
 Lovely wonders; greater they unsolved,
 Or our love and they will die.*

Ruth Wilcox



RAH-RAW-WAR

LLL

1. Campbell's Pork and Beans

The soldier shuffled through the mud, hunched his back to shift his rifle, and squinted into the fog — ignoring the legs sticking up from a ditch. A black gaping hole appeared in the grayness of the ground ahead. He was home. Sighing heavily he slithered into the blackness of the foxhole; unhitched his rifle and leaned it against the side of the trench. He squatted in the mud and began going through his damp pack. The metal buckles hurt his cold stiff fingers. He brought out, first, a limp ragged newspaper. Folding it carefully so the cleanest part was face up, he placed it gently on the muddy ground. Then he stuffed his hand in his shirt and brought out a small silver can. The label was stained, and he carefully rubbed it against his sleeve. Campbell's Pork and Beans — the letters blared. He looked at the can in his hand — feeling its icy dampness. With a grin he clambered to his feet and reached for his rifle. Fixing his bayonet into its slot, he held the rifle and placed the can in the mud between his boots. With a savage thrust he stabbed the bayonet into the can. Above the guns, he heard the pop and grinned. He sat down again and took out his tin cup and spoon and placed them on the newspaper with the can of beans. He rubbed his hands together vigorously and looked at the mud in front of him. With his hands he scraped the mud away, pushing, plopping, patting it. When a patch of dry ground appeared he reached into his shirt and brought out bits of paper — Hershey

bar wrapper, empty Lucky Strike packs, and little strips of dried wood. He placed each piece gently and with care into a tiny pile on the dry patch of ground. He leaned over close and lit a match in his cupped hands. Gently he touched the flame to the Hershey bar wrapper. It turned black, a spark winked, and it died.

"Damn," he hissed under his breath. He lit another match.

The flame ate through the paper all the way to the "R" and then burst into a flickering light. The soldier wiped his sweating palms on his knees. He grabbed the can of beans and placed it gently in the fire. It sizzled, hissed, spit. He panicked. Nervously he rubbed his raw hands against the black stubble on his chin. He touched the cold metal of his helmet and flipped the strap back — all the while staring at the struggling flames. Minutes passed and the liquid in the beans bubbled. The soldier leaned back and sighed with satisfaction. He took the can from the hot ashes and scooped the beans from the slash in the can into his cup. He ate with fierce pleasure, grinning at his cleverness.

Later he set the empty can in the corner on a clod of dirt sprouting roots. He peered over the edge of the foxhole into the fog. The guns were loud. Sounds came from the fog. The soldier reached for his rifle. The bullet slapped into his back slamming him into the mud. He stretched over on his back and went limp. The red label on the Campbell's Pork and Bean's can matched the red bubbling from his mouth.



2. ShirtBootBladeofGrass

The sergeant opened his eyes and blinked at the blinding whiteness of the sun. His thick fingers felt down his wet shirt. They fingered the roundness of his buttons, then felt sticky wetness. He stopped and pulled them back. He lifted his hands to see.

"It looks like the color of my red Ford coupe," he clutched the thought. He felt like laughing. It ended in his throat with a gurgle. "Better not feel down any more," he swallowed and felt icy sweat pop from his forehead. "Better not even move — maybe it's like Sammy's." He felt hard pellets of fear hit the bottom of his stomach. Sammy was running again with his legs leaping wildly over logs. The Sergeant watched the legs kicking up dirt, the patches of sweat on Sammy's back, and felt his own lungs aching, his eyes stinging. Then everything exploded into smoke and noise. Sammy's rifle flipped through the air and floated with the smoke. The Sergeant slammed himself into the dirt. And then he was alone — kneeling in the smoke with Sammy in his lap. He watched the film cover Sammy's eyes, he watched his mouth open and shut, open and shut silently. He saw Sammy's bloody shirt and his gut torn. He remembered screaming "Medic" till his throat was raw and the grey smoke was mist. And then he remembered crawling over barbed wire until his shirt front shred and the barbs raked his flesh and he kept seeing Sammy's legs leaping wildly over logs and his bloody shirt and

And the Sergeant jerked his head back into the dampness of the grass and squeezed his eyes. He heaved and gulped air. How many days had it been, he thought — how many years. Many years. He turned his head and the grass brushed his cheek. He squinted at a thin blade that quivered from his breath. He licked his lips and held his breath. The blade of grass stilled. He released his breath and the blade bowed with the force. Everything blurred but the single blade of grass and

And it was in a clod of dirt on the wall of a foxhole and they made it grow until there were two tiny green shoots sticking out from the blackness — from the burnt land. They sat huddled in the bottom of the hole peering at the blades and measuring their growth. And he went away to get water and the guns sounded and earth fell like rain and he came back. Murph's boot protruded oddly from the black earth — the heel was gone. The blades of grass poked jauntily from a clod of black earth set carefully in front of Murph's boot. The blade of grass and Murph's boot. He turned and walked to the next foxhole and stood above them, slowly he took the stained cigarette from his mouth and flipped it into the black earth. "Hit — can I move in?" The steel helmets hopped. The blade of grass and

And he closed his eyes and felt the damp grass against his back. It prickled. He wanted to roll. He thought of the blood and lay still. The Sergeant opened his eyes to darkness and the moon coming through trees. He turned his head and saw the stone wall near him. He remembered. "I fell from that crummy damn wall. I fell . . ." He repeated it three times. He was angry. He hated that crummy damn wall. He couldn't remember anything beyond the wall — beyond those crumbling stones. He listened for guns. There was no sound. He shivered with cold sweat and then a savage hotness made him gasp as it washed over him. He ached. He closed his eyes and his body went limp with tiredness.

And he woke to the whiteness again and then the whiteness became

soft and pale. His eyeballs burned. He turned his head and stared at two polished boots crushing his blade of grass. He looked up and saw pink clean hands and a pink young face with fuzz for a beard and blue eyes and a neat green uniform. He saw the metal helmet and the black swastika. His head fell back.

"A damn Kraut," he screamed in his head and cried inside in fear and rage at being helpless. And he was tired and didn't care and thought of a bullet going through his head. He felt cold water dribbling down his chin and wetting his swollen lips. He squeezed his eyes shut and his muscles tightened. "I'll get a cramp and die, damn you — I'm hit in the gut," the thought thundered through his mind. The Sergeant waited and nothing happened. He opened his eyes and Pinky was standing away regarding him with a blank expression — a metal canteen in his pink hand. They looked at each other.

"Damned if he doesn't look neat — damn him for looking neat," he thought angrily of Sammy's shirt and Murph's boot and then he didn't care anymore and he wanted more water.

A rifle cracked the silence and the Sergeant watched as Pinky jerked, turned, and flopped back on the grass — his neat shirt stained red and his hurt blue eyes staring. The Sergeant watched and the whiteness came back — he screamed aloud and wildly beat his arms against the grass in rage. He heaved and choked.

Voices came. And he yelled at them into nothing. "Damn you killed him — damn you — you no-good — damn you —," he coughed and sobbed and cried into the grass.

The voices wondered. Hands lifted him. A bearded face with a cigarette dangling from the whiskers peered at him. The Sergeant gasped for breath and stared at the grass. The voices sounded — one came. "Shall we bury him for you?" It whispered hideously.

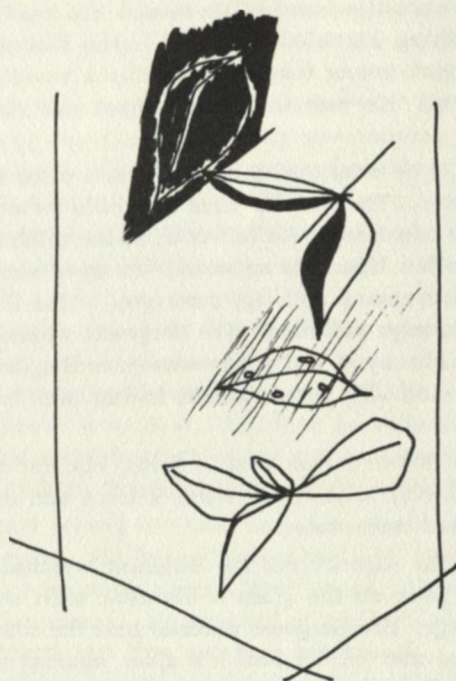
The Sergeant looked up tiredly with a hard cold stare. He tightened his lips. Clearness came. He looked at Pinky's body crushing the grass. He thought of Sammy and Murph.

"Leave him." It came viciously. He looked at the canteen. "Leave him," he repeated vaguely.

They held him up between them and he throbbed with pain from the jarring of his hobbling walk. They passed the dead German and the Sergeant looked at the blood and the hole through the green shirt and pink belly.

"Ha — you don't look so damn neat, Kraut," he mumbled incoherently. He thought of Murph's boot and the blade of green grass.

Pale Is The Face



*Pale is the face
of slithery petals
when seen in the darkness
of a moonless night. or
wilted beneath a
crushing sunlight. or
given in grief
when picked for death.
as lilies.*

*Flushed is the face
of velvety petals
when seen beneath
the waterdrops of rain. or
caught in fingers of wind
bobbing them in refrain. or
given in fancy
when picked for love.
as roses.*

LLL



To _____

*I fear thy tests, my kind professor,
I fear them all the time;
You've scarred my spirit so completely
With English 309.*

*I like thy class, thy jokes, thy lectures,
They all are very fine;
But to save my life, I cannot write
A simple concise line.*

William Powell

Mind Lost

*Leave the grey doors
with the black knobs
closed.*

*Listen to the feathery sound
of crumbling leaves —
the darkness mothers
the pulsating heart
of a wounded tiger —
with eyes
of green jade.*

*It smothers the whiteness and
coldness and blankness
of white
cells.*

*People are gone.
No grinning faces
with skulls
peeling flesh
and hands clawing
and wings flapping and
marble eyes.*

*Beat the whiteness down
and trample the radiance
into shadows —
listen to the silent screams
of the dying
being drowned in liquid
dark.*

*Come darkness —
welcome is your blank
infinity —
with the bleeding heart
of a wounded tiger
with eyes
of green jade.
Come darkness.*

LLL

Growth



"See, Baby,
Pretty! Pretty flower."

"See, Johnny,
This is a beautiful red flower."

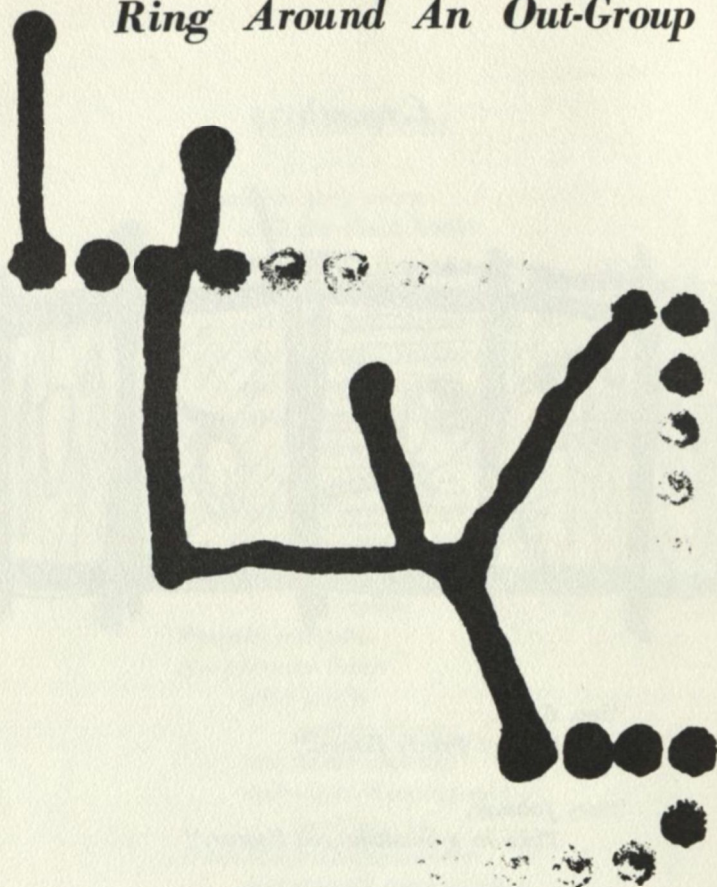
"Look, John Dear,
At this lovely, fragrant rose."

"Observe, my Son,
Here we have a member of the family rosaceae,
Of the order rosales."

"John, if you will look carefully,
In this wilted red flower
You will find beauty
And that beauty is of God."

By Sheila Leto

Ring Around An Out-Group



*Often I wonder that I
do not relish the feeling of hot
cigarette smoke
channeling my already parched throat,
being thus excluded from the
Fortunate Unfortunate
group known as
The Intelligentsia –
known mainly as such by members of the group,
I suspect.*

*How I regret that I do not grasp
the intricacies of free verse,
finding instead that my feeble
infrequent
attempts at the form*

gain merely the praise
"isn't this prose?"
from a certain critic.

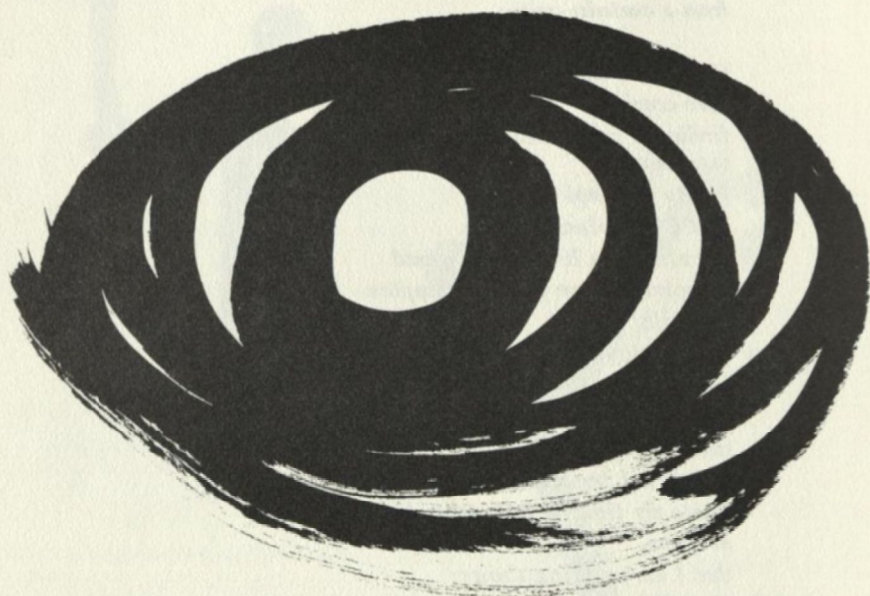
It is regrettable that I
love comfort,
finding it impossible to crave
discomfort
for its own sake;
that I like black coffee,
but also like hamburgers, and
grapefruit juice and sour apples
and milk;
that I enjoy solitude
but not hate People;
that I find Professors more
intelligent than I,
and do not feel that they
waste my time — but rather feel,
at times,
that I am wasting theirs;
that I love life;
and do not fear death unreasonably,
and am not obsessed with either.

No, I am not of the
Nonconformists,
Who save Their profound thoughts, Their energy,
and do not stoop
to others,
and hide Their talents away,
saving them — for what?
For a posterity which will not care
for my talents, or yours. . .
or Theirs.

So come, my uninspired, worldly-wise
friend,
let us sit in a corner, with our backs
to the outside world,
and hate that group-despising
Group,
the "Intelligentsia,"
and be reasonably happy,
if not satisfied.

Jane Powers Kelley

Candle's End



*Walk with me along this road –
There is no you; there is no road;
But only the weight of an empty load,
Oppressing me forever.*

*Rejoice in the stars which fill the skies –
There are no stars; there are no skies,
But only a thousand vacant eyes,
And I am blind forever.*

*Give heed to the winds which fill your ears –
I hear no voice but my own dark fears,
And I am lost for a million years,
Alone and lost forever.*

*My life is a road that knows its end –
I fear no foe, nor love a friend;
And death is the dark at the candle's end,
And I am dead forever.*

Anne Kay

Winter

The sun
Shrinks, sullen and sober
Setting
In its solitude.

The cold
Crunches, crusty and creaking
Crying
Of its callousness.

The wind
Wails, wanton and wild
Wheezing
On its way.

The rain
Rushes, restless and ravaging
Riveting
To its ruts.

The stars
Stare, starke and stiff
Stifling
The stubborn satire:

WINTER

Linda Chambers

The Storm

The greyish churls of water lashed upon the yellow-white bank
As the raging wind and mournful song of the beating rain
Whipped the gulf into half-grown tidal waves.
The yellow-white of the sky reflected on the once white dunes
And cast yellow tints on the churning breakers.
The autumn hurricane whipped the palm trees that lined the
beach road
Into submission, and pushed its arms into the beach houses'
windows.
Figures in beige raincoats hurriedly nailed hurricane
shutters over sea-view plates
And then left the quivering island for the mainland.

Beth Mason

This Weeping Day

*The sky is panting, sighing
Its heart is grey.
My heart is craving, dying
You are away—
But nearer still than these
who stand beside me
This weeping day.*

*The music is playing, swaying
But is not gay.
The song is lying, crying
You are away —
The trembling tones taunt this
hollow tune inside me
This weeping day.*

*The wind is racing, chasing
Its woesome way.
My love is seeking sorrowing
You are away —
But when I find you
You'll destroy inside me
This weeping day.*

Linda Chambers

Collective Decisions and Light Green Pills

*Organize! Organize!
Twentieth Century's call.
Tranquilize! Tranquilize!
The way to face it all.
Collective decisions, light green pills,
Symbols of a society;
Mass and climb the smallest hills,
Relax and forget anxiety.
Modern man, gregarious man
Groups to face reality;
Stands within his restricting band
A dazed personality.*

Beth Mason

Sum - mer

Summer rains

splash galoshes
skipping puddle water.

Summer skiprope

kicks summer dust
to tunes of dancing feet.

Sum - mer

lips of laughter
humming summer songs. . .

LLL

Conflict

sun shines

sky is grey
trees die
autumn gay
voices scream
silence here
security present
always fear

internal churning

nerves drawn tight
million questions
confusion fright
need to talk
cannot speak
long to laugh
smile is weak

bright world

black night
perfect faith
void of light
lonely death
noisy life
peaceful comfort
endless strife

Katherine Rogers

ON WRITING

BY HELEN POOLE

Someone reminded me rather curtly the other day that editors are expected to write editorials. And, since I don't seem to be able to produce any "short stories, poems, essays, dramas, etc.," I suppose that's a good idea. Actually, I had the first draft of a "story" almost finished for this issue, after long hours of arduous toil and the neglect of all my courses of study. It turned out to be a real three-time loser — no plot, no denouement, no nothin'. I quickly surmised all this from the reaction of a "friend" who offered to read the nearly-finished masterpiece for me. Her only comment, gasped out between convulsive guffaws, was, "Oh, this is rich!" It's traumatic experiences of this kind that turn would-be authoresses into stenographers, or house-painters, or chicken-pickers.

So I put the story away carefully among my other tear-stained souvenirs and started out to write an editorial. The first problem was that of a subject. First I thought that, as editor of the literary magazine, I ought to write something about writing, but that seemed kind of silly when I considered the fact that I'd never written anything worth reading, myself. But then, many people are not deterred by such a minor obstacle. Witness the myriad articles in every writer's magazine you pick up, entitled "How to Write a Best-Seller" or "The Nobel Prize and You", written by somebody named Lester Crim. If Lester doesn't worry about qualifications, why should I? I picked the title "on Writing" because I thought it was right to the point, and also sounded pretty editorish. Then, since all these articles usually give Lester's advice to young writers, I thought I'd give you mine, and carry on from there.

My advice to young writers is to forget the whole thing and take up tatting or some other useful, marketable craft. If you'll wait just a minute while I bite off this last fingernail, I'll tell you why. There. For one thing, a writer is a highly nervous creature, who never has any fingernails and very rarely gets enough sleep. While her classmates are snug in their little beds, with their sleepy eyelids long-since closed, the poor writer is hunched over a stubborn typewriter in the flickering neon light of the study parlor, an old afghan drawn around her wasted shoulders, (a little organ music in the background, if you please) staring into space with eyes that were once 20-20.

Besides the obvious damage to the body which results, there is the even more serious possible damage to the psyche. This damage usually results from disillusionment, which in turn, results from what I like to call "thinking you can do something when you really can't." Let me give you a simple analogy:

Someone, I forget just who, (I think it was a teacher I had in high school named Mr. X) suggested to me that I could write. I (at about six years of age) once suggested to a gentleman friend of mine (same age) that he could fly. It's the same situation basically. Actually, when theory was put to the test of practice, my friend couldn't fly worth a damn, and I seem to have the same skill at writing. But, Mr. X's faith was perfectly good, and so

was mine. I thought that my friend probably could fly, given the proper launching at a good altitude, and I was prepared to stand by and hope fervently, as he plummeted earthward, that he would, in the nick of time, mount up to the sky like a great bird. As it turned out, I was bitterly disappointed, and my friend, when he was able to get up, was even more so. Perhaps, "disappointed" is not a very accurate description of his condition. "Lacerated" would probably be more like it. However, he didn't say anything spiteful. (In fact, he never said much at all after that. He just sort of stood around and stared at things.)

Was it my fault my friend couldn't fly? Certainly not. All I could do was to supply the faith and encouragement. That I did, in abundance. I even helped tie the towel around his neck and gave him a boost up the ladder to the launching platform, as it were. Who was I to say that, with a modicum of talent and much hard work and practice, he could not possibly succeed? Suppose I had discouraged him. Suppose I had quoted him all the statistics and odds against him, and he had persevered and gone flying away. Wouldn't I have looked like a silly-billy?

Now, Mr. X was in a difficult position also. How was he to know that I could not write, assuming that I had a smidgeon of talent and a penchant for hard labor? And, had I succeeded, how exhilarating it would have been — like flying! Unfortunately for my friend and I, we never got off the ground, and now there is our disillusionment to be borne, there are our lacerated spirits to be salvaged.

So, gentle reader, the point is, if you want to avoid the abyss of failure, I advise you to shun those who would hoist you to the launching platform on their very shoulders, so to speak. Seek out, instead, the shattering experiences that will cure you of your unfortunate yen before it has gone too far. The most shattering one that I can suggest is that of letting your roommate, especially if she is a kind and sympathetic soul, read your finished story. If this doesn't deter you, nothing on earth will, and you deserve just what my friend got. This is how it works.

Roommate takes the story from your hot, moist little hand and begins to read. Her expression changes slightly during the reading, from mild boredom to incredulity and back to boredom again. While she is reading, you, the undiscovered genius, try to look sensitive and absorbed, as if you had found something extremely interesting on the dresser top or perhaps on your left elbow. Occasionally, when it gets too quiet, you hum a few bars of "The Marseillaise". When Roommate has finished reading, and is shuffling back through the pages with a bewildered expression, as if she had missed a connection somewhere, you sort of yawn, and say something like "Oh, I wish I had a peanut butter and jelly sandwich," or something casual of the sort. Then, when she can avoid it no longer. Roommate looks up, and, in a strained falsetto, says "I like it? . . . I mean, yeah, that's really got something . . . there . . . Yes, sir that's, that's a story alright . . . I think you could really do something with that." (Meaning that you could

burn it or something.)

Then she'll stare at it for a minute and say, "I didn't quite understand what you meant in this part where you said, 'Before he could turn around, she was gone, and he knew that . . .'" And she reads what is supposed to be the most soul-searing part of the whole thing, the clincher, the original philosophy, the punchline, in a kind of bored monotone, every word of which is a stroke of the bludgeon to your artistic soul. If, after this inner-vating experience, you are not completely cured, then you have the kind of iron guts required for things like writing and flying.

I don't seem to have them myself. And I had such lovely visions. Me in the "Editor's Guest Book" section of Bazaar, looking terribly artistic and sensitive. Now, it seems that I will be lucky to make the "New Employees" section of the Woolworth News. Oh well, I suppose there are compensations in having one's eyesight and fingernails. After all, literary achievement isn't everything. Sniff.